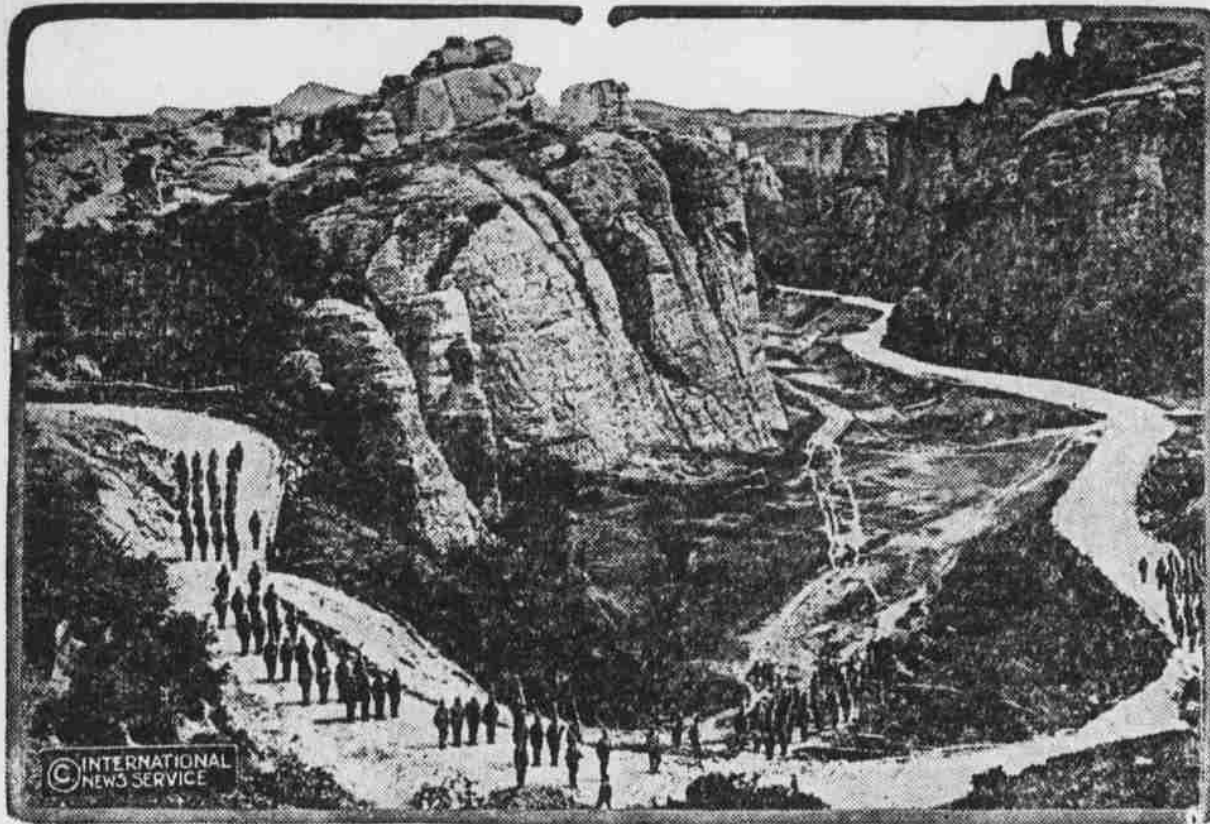


## WILD COUNTRY IN WHICH TO FIGHT



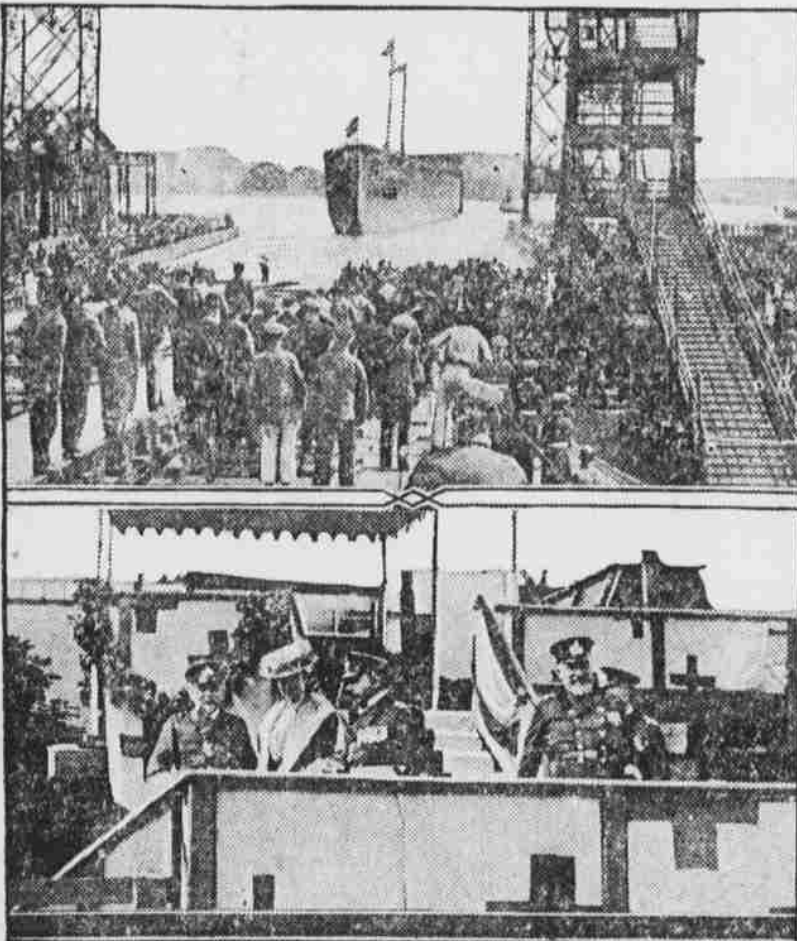
This photograph of Bulgarian troops in a mountain pass in Serbia gives an idea of the nature of much of the country in which the war in the Balkans is now being conducted.

## GATHERING UP THE VICTIMS OF WAR



French and German dead soldiers gathered up on the field of battle and placed on a wagon to be carried to the place of burial.

## GERMANY STILL ADDING TO HER FLEET



Although the German navy has been bottled up by the fleet of the allies that fact does not prevent her from constructing other warships. The upper photograph shows the launching of the latest German cruiser, with the hull of the vessel going down the ways. The lower photograph shows the launching party, with Frau von Hindenburg, wife of Field Marshal von Hindenburg, on the launching bridge.

## BULGARIAN TRANSPORT AND CONVOY



View of a Bulgarian transport train and its convoy of infantrymen after the Bulgars had begun the invasion of Serbia.

## CAUGHT IN BARBED WIRE



Here is graphically pictured the fate of so many of the brave Russians who desperately charge the German positions that are protected by barbed wire entanglements. Caught in the barricade, the men are mowed down by machine guns.

## BATTLING IN THE CLOUDS



Nothing in modern warfare is more dramatic than the battles between air craft. The photograph shows an action between a German aeroplane and a French dirigible airship.

Avoiding the incongruous. "Are you going to run a picture of this woman who has just fallen heir to a large fortune?" asked the reporter. "No," replied the city editor. "We couldn't get one." "All right. It will be safe for me to say in the story that she is young and beautiful."

**Bugs.**  
"Isn't this awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Gabb as she looked up from her newspaper.  
"Isn't what awful?" demanded Mr. Gabb.  
"Why here's a woman who complains that the insane asylum is filled with bugs," replied Mrs. Gabb.  
"Well," growled Mr. Gabb, "what's the blame place for, anyway?"

**COVETED BY ALL.**  
but possessed by few—a beautiful head of hair. If yours is streaked with gray, or is harsh and stiff, you can restore it to its former beauty and luster by using "La Creole" Hair Dressing. Price \$1.00.—Adv.

**Money Saved.**  
"Ever make any money in the stock market?"  
"No, but I've saved a lot by not playing it."

**Write Marine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago** for illustrated Book of the Eye Free.

A man must make his way in the world, while a woman merely has her way.

**Salmon Thrive in Maine.**  
Success has been met by the bureau of fisheries in establishing hump-back salmon on the Maine coast, according to reports from that territory. The fish were planted in February, 1914. Many fish weighing five to seven and a half pounds have been taken or seen in Penobscot river, Me., and twenty were captured alive by agents of the bureau near Bangor and held in an effort to obtain ripe eggs. From two of these fish 3,000 eggs were taken September 6, and, after fertilization, sent to the Craig Brook hatchery for incubation. Local fishermen caught and ate large numbers, and an employee of the Green Lake hatchery took fifteen fish last week. These had passed through the fishways in dams in Dennys river and were dropping down stream in a spent condition; at the same time both live and dead fish were observed below the dams.

For sprained wrist rub on and rub in Hanford's Balsam thoroughly. Adv.

Many a man has been hopelessly injured by the accidental discharge of duty.

## Out of Sorts

THAT IS, something is wrong with baby, but we can't tell just what it is. All mothers recognize the term by the lassitude, weakness, loss of appetite, inclination to sleep, heavy breathing, and lack of interest shown by baby. These are the symptoms of sickness. It may be fever, congestion, worms, croup, diphtheria, or scarlatina. Do not lose a minute. Give the child Castoria. It will start the digestive organs into operation, open the pores of the skin, carry off the foetid matter, and drive away the threatened sickness.

Genuine Castoria always bears the signature of *Wm. D. Galt*

**Landlord's Way.**  
talking about Germany's submarine policy in New York.

"When Germany told us we Americans might cross the seas in safety provided we used such ships as she offered, I nearly died laughing," he said.

"I was irresistibly reminded of the poet who complained to his landlord:

"Landlord, I really must insist on your repairing my doors and windows. They close so badly that it interrupts my work. It blows my hair all about my face."

"Humph," said the landlord. "The easiest way out of that difficulty is for you to get your hair cut off."—New York Times.

**She Knew.**  
Olive, four years old, went for a walk with her father one June morning. Hearing a bird singing by the roadside, she stopped to admire his beautiful black-and-white coat.  
"Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "see this bobolink!"  
"How do you know it's a bobolink?" asked her father.  
"Cause I 'stinctly heard it bobble," was the reply.

**An Extremist.**  
"I see that a man aged one hundred and two has just died in the poorhouse."  
"He lived long and died short, eh?"

**Not Guilty.**  
There had been a railway collision near a country town in Virginia, and a shrewd lawyer had hurried from Richmond to the scene of the disaster. He noticed an old colored man with a badly injured head, and hurried up to him where he lay moaning on the ground.

"How about damages?" began the lawyer.

But the sufferer waved him off.

"G'way, boss, g'way," he said. "I never hit de train. I never done sich a thing in all mah life, so help me Gawd! Yo' can't git no damages outen me."

**Handy.**  
"I've started a ten-cent box for Christmas, dear!" said the better half.

"You won't forget it, will you?"  
"Me forget it!" replied the other fraction. "Why, how can you say such a thing? Of course I won't forget it."

And he didn't. The very next day he shook four dimes out of the box to meet a deficiency in his car-fare allowance.

**One Year More.**  
"My but Percy has grown to be a big boy. How tall are you, Percy?"  
"Just an inch short of being able to wear father's tennis trousers, but they'll be all right next summer."—New York World.

**YOU MAKE A MOVE TOWARD HEALTH, STRENGTH AND RENEWED VIGOR**

when you decide to help Nature overcome that stomach weakness and bowel irregularity with the aid of

**HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters**

## SCORE UP ONE FOR JONES

Sarcastic Comment Will Be Appreciated by Those Who Favor Old-Time Methods of Travel.

Down in the crimson clover zone there were two farmers named Jones and Smith, respectively. Jones was old-fashioned and stuck to old-fashioned ways, but Smith, who was more modern, bought a fine new automobile. One day he was proudly exhibiting to some friends when Jones came along.

"Um," remarked Jones, as he thoughtfully sized up the handsome machine. "What's that thing there on the side?"

"That's a spare rim and a tire," answered the proud Smith. "We always carry an extra one in case one of the wheels goes wrong."

"Jes' as I allus said," was the disdainful response of Jones. "I've druv hosses for nigh on 50 years, and I never had to carry a spare leg for one o' them yet."—Philadelphia Press.

## Thought Umbrellas Unmilitary.

Umbrellas and khaki seem a most unlikely combination; yet one instance is recorded of British soldiers taking their umbrellas into action, according to the London Chronicle. On December 10, 1813, during the battle of the Nive, the Grenadier guards captured a redoubt outside Bayonne. While they were in possession of this Wellington passed by and noticed that the officers had umbrellas up to protect themselves from the heavy rain.

He sent back his aide-de-camp, Lord Arthur Hill, to tell them that "the duke does not approve of the use of umbrellas in action. The guards' officers may, if they please, carry umbrellas even in uniform when on duty at St. James; but in the field it is not only ridiculous, but unmilitary."

**Zero.**  
"We don't hear much about Doctor Cook since the time he claimed to have discovered the North pole."  
"No; I darsay he never fully recovered from the terrible frost he encountered."

## Curative Value In Food?

"Recalling that 90% of disease results from errors in diet, then foods properly prescribed by the physician can justly be said to have curative value."

—Dr. Henry B. Hollen, in *The Medical Standard*.

One of the errors in the diet of many people is the use of foods robbed of the vital mineral salts (phosphate of potash, etc.) which are absolutely necessary for proper balance of body, brain and nerves. The result is a long list of ills, including nervous prostration, kidney trouble, constipation, rickets in children, and so on.

Twenty years ago a whole wheat and barley food, containing all the nutriment of the grain, including the priceless mineral elements, was devised especially to correct errors in diet. That food is

## Grape-Nuts

It fulfills its mission admirably.

Another physician says:

"Nearly half the year my breakfast consists of a dish of Grape-Nuts, one or two eggs, or fruit. I RECOMMEND IT TO MY PATIENTS CONSTANTLY, and invariably with good results."

This wholesome food not only builds sturdy health and strength, but fortifies the system against disease. Ready-to-eat, nourishing, economical, delicious—

**"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts**